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VOL. I.—No. 2. MANCHESTER, Saturday, August 1, 1868. Price One Penny.

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AT the conclusion of the last Grammar School sketch a few brief remarks were promised on the achievements of its "alumni"—whom we ventured to designate "Mancunians," after the analogy of Etonians and Rugbeians—at the Universities. A hope was then expressed that thereby our town might have some reason to feel prouder of itself and its school. To secure this end, the best means seem to be, to record the principal triumphs scored by the school, and to point out their great importance, and the estimation in which they are held. We need not go beyond the records of the last few years to ensure this result. The annals of the past are rich enough, as everyone knows, but they yield to those of the present in the number of distinctions won, and the high average of these.

We will just now lay aside the question of a good general education, without any immediate object in view, to which, however, we may say, cursorily, the school lays well-founded claim, and to the promotion of which its system, its discipline, and all its changes and improvements tend. We will take a standard to which all the public schools in the country work up, and measure it by this. We find there is but one to take, and that is, success in the examinations for scholarships, distinctions, and degrees at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Now, there are many schools against which Manchester has to pit itself. The names of Eton, Rugby, Harrow, Westminster, Marlborough, Cheltenham, Charterhouse, Shrewsbury, Christ's Hospital, St. Paul's, King's College, Kensington, City of London, Merchant Taylors' Rossall, Repton, and Durham, occur at once to us; while, besides these, there are grammar schools without number, and middle class schools without end. All these are possessed of masters who themselves have gained the chief distinctions at the Universities, and whose highest ambition, now that their days of triumphs are over, is to see their own successes repeated in those of their pupils. When it is considered, moreover, that the number of boys in most, if not all, of the above-mentioned foundations are twice or thrice that of those in our own—when it is considered, also, that their pupils are drawn from the upper and middle classes of society, and that they are most of them resident in the school, and so under the immediate eye and supervision of the masters—they seem to have immense advantages over the boys in a school like that of Manchester, who, till lately, numbered but 250, and came in the morning on foot, by 'bus, and by train, returning home at night in a similar manner. When, yet again, it is considered that there are so many schools of great name all over the face of the country, comprising a very large total of pupils, who consider success at the Universities their highest end and aim, it will be seen that the competitions must be extremely keen, and the difficulty of succeeding very great. In fact, we find that as many as eighty or ninety candidates often present themselves for examination for the scholarships and exhibitions given by the larger or more famous colleges. Among them are to be found the pick of the brains of the Scotch Universities, and occasionally a particularly bright Owen's collegian—although the latter is nowhere in the race, compared with the grammar school boy.

With all this, what do we see? The Public Schools' Commissioners were struck by the very—we had almost said disproportionately—large number of honours gained by the Manchester Free Grammar School at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge of late years. Their astonishment was furthermore increased by the small number of pupils and the wretched school accommodation, and they could only chime in with the suggestions made by the authorities, to extend its usefulness and enlarge its scope. A London newspaper takes note that there are but two or three schools in England whose list of honours last year was greater, while, in proportion to its numbers—there are seventeen only in the highest form—it is *facile princeps*, easily first. Its fame is known and its power felt at all the schools, public and private, in the country, albeit they know nothing whatever about the establishment itself, and would be considerably astonished if they happened to be taken through it. Now, if this is not a subject for Manchester to congratulate itself upon, we do not know what is. That in the head-quarters of manufacture and trade there is a school possessed not only of brilliant annals, but with unprecedentedly brilliant results to show for itself to-day, is a fact on which too great stress cannot be laid.

To enter more into particulars:—"Manchester School can display a good muster-roll of eminent scholars. Amongst them stand the names of John Bradford the martyr, of Robert Thyer, of Whitaker the historian, of Dr. Cyril Jackson, of Dr. Thomas Winstanley, of Reginald Heber, and of Thomas De Quincey."* When the long-expected work which is to contain, *inter alia*, lists of all who have gone to the Universities from the school since its foundation, and, we hope, of all its distinguished scholars, is published, much new light will be thrown on the school, and, doubtless, will draw attention to the same fact which we ourselves are here endeavouring to enforce. Our own recollection goes no further back than the year 1842, or thereabouts, when Simpson and Mayor, second and third Wranglers at Cambridge in the same year, were made Fellows of St. John's, Cambridge. Mr. Rayner, who was third Wrangler, is at present Fellow and Bursar of the same St. John's. Mr. Thorley, time-honoured examiner of his old school, and Mr. Somerset are fellows and tutors—the former of Wadham College, Oxford, the latter of Trinity College, Cambridge. With these we are brought down to the modern era—a new day, as it were—which has been growing brighter and brighter, and whose noon, we hope, has not yet been nearly reached. Some one says:—

A setting sun
Should leave a track of glory in the sky.

It so happened that Mr. Germon, the last High Master, did this when he retired. Among the last pupils whom he sent up to the Universities were Messrs. Bigg and Taylor, the former of whom took a Scholarship over the heads of eighty-three competitors, at Corpus Christi College, Oxford—that with which our school is connected, through its founder, Bishop Oldham, one of the chief benefactors of the great Oxford foundation—while Mr. Taylor went to St. John's, Cambridge, and became Somerset Exhibitioner, Wood's Exhibitioner, and Foundation Scholar there. Mr. Bigg won the Hartford—public University—Scholarship, the Gaisford prize for Greek Prose Composition, and was second for the Ireland University Scholarship, and Gaisford prize for Greek Verse—the "blue ribands" of Oxford—thereby proving himself one of the very best men of his year. Mr. Taylor was fifth in the First Class in Classical, and seventeenth in the First in Mathematical Honours at Cambridge. Mr. Bigg was elected Senior Student (*i.e.*, Fellow) of Christ Church, Oxford; Mr. Taylor, Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge. Curiously enough, both are classical masters—the former at Cheltenham, the latter at Marlborough. Mr. Marshall was another "bequest" of Mr. Germon's. He took his first at Oxford, and became a Fellow of St. John's College there. In 1860, Messrs. Cockshott and Birch went up to Cambridge—the former became Scholar of Trinity, the latter scholar of Caius. Mr. Cockshott stood fourth in the list of "Wranglers," was elected Fellow, and afterwards assistant tutor of his college, also an examiner for the Tripos, in which not long before he had been himself examined. Mr. Birch, who has succeeded his father, the Canon, at St. Saviour's, took a Second Class in Classical Honours. Mr. W. H. Keeling, an ex-captain of the school, gained a similar distinction at Oxford. At the same time Mr. Guest also appeared as a Wrangler and Classical Honour man at Cambridge. In the years 1861, 1862, and 1863, are recorded a series of "Balliols"—that in the first year being gained by Mr. J. Wood (now Fellow of St. John's, Oxford); that in the second by Mr. E. M. Geldart; and no less than two in the third, gained by Messrs. T Nash and T. Grose. But little less distinguished were Messrs. Wardroper and Millington, who gained their Scholarships at Christ Church and Brazennose, respectively; Messrs. G. W. Bardsley (Worcester, Oxon), Pickford and Ritson (Pembroke, Camb.), also gaining "opens." Mr. J. Standring took a Second Class in Classics about this time at Cambridge, and Mr. T. Tayler a First in Moderations at Oxford. The year 1864 breaks the charm and chain of "Balliols," which had begun to look like benefits for Manchester, but shows no less than nine names for "opens"—amongst them those of Mr. Gallop at Lincoln, Messrs Pickford and Threlfall, (mathematical), at Brazennose, Mr. Bell at Qeeen's, Mr. Head at Lincoln, and Mr. Hodgson (mathematical) at Christ Church. The names of Millington and Geldart appear in the second class in Classical Moderations. In 1865 Mr. Chadwick gained a postmastership (*i.e.*, Scholarship) at Merton, Oxford, and Mr. Dunn an equivalent honour at St. Catherine's, Cambridge;

* "Manchester Worthies and their Foundations," by E. Edwards.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Messrs. Wardroper and Pickford getting each a second in Classical Moderations, and Mr. T. Taylor, now head master of Wigan Grammar School, a second in Law and Modern History. In 1866 Messrs. Harrison and Figgins gained each a Balliol, event to be marked with a white stone, to say nothing of a whole holiday, while Messrs. Sumner (Caius, Camb.), W. A. Head (Trinity, Oxon), and Diggle (Merton, Oxon) all gained "opens"—the last mathematical. This same year, Mr. Doig of St. John's, Cambridge, gained a second class in Classical Honours, Mr. Grose a "double first" in Moderations, Mr. Gallop a first in Classical Moderations, Messrs. Hodgson and Threlfall a first in Mathematical Moderations, and Mr. Nash a second in Mathematical, besides a first in Classical Honours soon after. If there is one thing that gives us more pleasure than another in writing these remarks, it is the dispelling the illusion that our Grammar School is not great at mathematics. After recording five Mathematical Fellowships at Cambridge, and two Wranglerships, we come to a list in one year of *three mathematical firsts and one second* at Oxford, while in the next (1867) another Manchester mathematician took one of the Oxford blue ribands in the shape of a Mathematical University Scholarship. In 1867 Mr. Little gained the scholarship which none since Mr. Bigg had been able to get—the "Corpus"; Mr. Gregory gained a Brazennose, Mr. Read a Lincoln, and Mr. Agar a Christ Church; while Mr. Ritson took a second class in Classical Honours at Cambridge, Mr. Geldart a like distinction at Oxford, and Messrs Goodier (Brazennose) and Smith (Balliol) each a second in Classical Moderations. Here the list closes. But there will be plenty of honours to record for 1868 when that year is done. We may remark that we have omitted all but open scholarships and exhibitions, with all but first and second classes in honours. Nor is this all. Three Indian Civil Service appointments, three divinity scholarships —among them the Ellerton at Oxford, gained by Mr. Bigg; a Boden Sanscrit Scholarship, gained by Mr. Pickford—lately appointed a professor of that language in India; several Hulmean Exhibitions; a *proxime accessit* for a Modern Languages Scholarship at Oxford, gained by Mr. Geldart, who was also great at butterflies; and a *proxime accessit* for a Gaisford gained by Mr. Goodier, may be set down to the credit of the school in recent times.

We beg pardon for any omissions that may have been made, and proceed to another branch of the subject—athletic distinctions, where, it must be confessed, more has been done than could be expected from a school without any scope in that direction, although there will be the gymnasium when the builder and architects have done with it. Messrs. Stannis and Watson have rowed in the Cambridge University boat at Putney, the former as stroke; Messrs. Bigg, Hodgson, and Hatton have distinguished themselves in their College boats at Oxford; and Messrs. Stannis, Watson, Cockshott, Lockwood, captain of the Caius Boat Club, and Macdona in theirs at Cambridge. Mr. Bardsley gained himself a name for cricket at Oxford, and Mr. Doig for walking and boxing at Cambridge. But we at once own that our information on this part of the subject is limited.* Might we suggest that such triumphs are not unworthy a place in a small register of their own with other events, such as oratorical triumphs at the Union Debating Society, the holding of an office in a Rowing Club, or such distinction? We may state that Messrs. Geldart and Harrison are not without glory in speaking; the latter is at present secretary of the Oxford Union.

These remarks have grown under our hands. We have but to say in conclusion, that if the long list of SELECT honours recorded is an honour to the town, the school buildings are a disgrace to it, being, as we pointed out at the very beginning of our first sketch, the worst, the most incommodious, the most unfit for their purpose, and by far the worst situated in the three kingdoms. This disgrace is deepened by the fact that almost every town has of late built itself a new school. Its masters are the worst remunerated, in comparison with those of similar schools, in the country, and they have not the means now of eking out their salaries by taking boarders. And this fact must also be published abroad to the town. No doubt Messrs. John Pender, Robert Barbour, the Banks and the Hospitals will soon follow suit. That the present state of things will always be the same is pretty certain. The city that can be content with a miniature cathedral in the shape of a renovated Parish Church, is not likely to trouble itself much about its Grammar School.

* Any information on Rowing or Athletic distinctions would be received with many thanks by the present writer.

QUERIES FROM LLANDUDNO.

Know ye the sands that are nothing but shingle,
Neath a grass promenade that is nothing but sand;
Where tourists' and invalids lazily mingle,
And saunter about to the sound of the band?

Know ye that band with its flautist enatic,
Unprincipled fiddle and terrible horn,
Making night hideous with galops ecstatic,
Which the hills echo back in disgust and in scorn?

Know ye where the wind always riots and rages,
Except when the sun makes one wish for a breeze,
Where the sand when you're reading blows over the pages,
Where one moment you're roasting, next moment you sneeze?

Know ye the land where, if tortured with bile,
Your medico orders you off to the sea,
You're puzzled the wearisome minutes to wile,
And your liver gets cured, but you're sick of ennui?

Know ye the land, my good friend? if you do,
By Jove! I don't envy you,—I know it too.

WIRING IN

SOME slang phrases which come into use have but a short and inglorious run. Of late years we have had "Nor any other man," a phrase which really meant nothing; and when people began to find out that it meant nothing, of which, however, it took them some considerable time to be convinced, it was gradually dropped. A still more imbecile expression was "Jamie knows," which was damned after a short trial. Let us hope that "Joseph" will share a similar fate. The word Bosh has nearly established its right to a place in the dictionary; and Skedaddle, which came into use with the Bull's Run stampede, is adopted by universal consent, and is an excellent and expressive word. Latterly "wiring in" has been coming in vogue, and seems likely to become established. We can't exactly determine the origin of the expression; possibly, some idea connected with the rapidity of communication by telegraph, or the shock of a galvanic battery, may have given rise to it. Certainly, the meaning of "wiring in" is perfectly clear. It is something more than "pitching into," and something less than smashing, or giving the *coup-de-grace*. It signifies making a supreme effort, after sundry preliminary attempts, or, in sporting phraseology, "going in to finish." Thus, wiring in is an expression applicable to any subject, moral or physical, denoting a contest requiring exertion, or in grappling with a subject or adversary, or in exposing a fallacy or imposture. Accordingly, we are constantly having illustrations of political, parliamentary, military, forensic, clerical, judicial, pugilistic, and many other kinds of wirings in.

When Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone take off the parliamentary gloves, and proceed to work, they can wire into each other in a way that creates intense excitement among the spectators. Their frequent efforts in this way are matters of history. Their first great encounter was when the Derby Ministry of 1852 was ejected from office, when there was such a wiring in as has never been known since. On another occasion, when Mr. Disraeli, in opposition, alluded to "the sanctimonious eloquence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer," the remark told with much effect, as indicating the "Goody-Two-Shoes" style of oratory of the right honourable gentleman. At the beginning of this session, however, Mr. Gladstone retaliated, by wiring in with a vengeance, when he insinuated that the Premier had been sacrificing at the shrine of Bacchus. Mr. John Bright's famous Angel of Death speech, during the Crimean war, was an excellent specimen of his numerous successful wirings in. The ex-Lord Chancellor Westbury sometimes wires into the Bench of Bishops with great effect; but it must be confessed that Sam of Oxford always gives him as good as he gets. Napier of Magdala shewed a brilliant specimen of military wiring in, when, by a series of forced marches over almost inaccessible mountains, he brought his troops up with Theodore's army, routed them in the open field, and

finally stormed the fortress, before many other generals would have got much beyond the sea coast. His namesake, "The bearded Vision which swept Scinde," was equally great at wiring in, as he never allowed the enemy any rest. We have seen Baron Bramwell on the bench wire into a jury in a very annihilating manner, when they would insist that their minds were made up about a verdict, long before the judge himself was satisfied about the merits of the case. The late Mr. Edward James, Q.C., could wire into a witness in a cross-examination with great force; and Mr. Torr seems to take a special pleasure in performing a similar office for a policeman. As a specimen of physical wiring in, we may instance the pugilistic encounter between Heenan the American, and Tom King. Tom King was nearly throttled in the first few rounds, and after being repeatedly dashed to the ground, became unconscious. His second, however, by the primitive method of nearly biting off his ear, restored him, and, bringing King up to time, he, by a series of terrific onslaughts, and the rapidity of his wiring in, so belaboured the stalwart American, that he was reduced to utter helplessness in less than twenty minutes. Editorial wirings in are numerous, and the *Saturday Review* of last Saturday gave a striking example in the article entitled "Gladstone's Descent into the Gutter," in reference to his flirtation with the man Finlen. There is also the histrionic wiring in, where the actor electrifies the audience, as in the curse of *Lear*, the play scene in *Hamlet*, and other instances. It is recorded of Junius Brutus Booth, father of the madman who slew President Lincoln, that no performer liked to play Richmond to his Richard, as in the combat, at the close, he wired in with such rage and vigour, that his opponent's life was in danger. When Mr. Deuce-Ace, whose forte is the game of whist, quietly throws away a good card, then extracts all the trumps, and, bringing his long suit into play, wins the game off-hand, he affords a good example of successful calculating wiring in. Of late years, commercial wiring in has been in great force; and corn, cotton, and shares have afforded speculators ample opportunities for the exhibition of their prowess. When trains to Liverpool are filled with cotton spinners and brokers, and all manner of speculators are tearing up and down the flags, as if there would not be a bag of cotton left within a week, or when floating cargoes are freely sold for a fall by men who don't possess a shilling in the world, then cotton wiring in is in full swing, and partakes of the nature of punting on the Black and Red at Baden, with this difference, that at *Rouge-et-Noir* the money must be put down, whereas the other sort of gambling is often carried on upon considerably less than £ s. d.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

[BY OUR PROFOUND THINKER.]

HE who cutteth a friend carveth a foe.

Better have two scrapegrace sons abroad "in the Bush" than one in hand at home.

The last straw breaketh the camel's back, the first gill the teetotaller's pledge.

If broken promises were only like pie crusts, would not the tailor's dun fatten on the pieces thereof?

If like cures like, why do not men undo a dead-lock with a skeleton key?

He proposeth a very mercenary toast who *pledgeth* his friend's health in *pop*.

Prudent fathers are recruiting sergeants for the ranks above, while indulgent mothers populate Hades.

To borrow money from a friend embodieth three common vices: Doubt, Fear, and Hatred. Doubt, that he may make a plausible excuse: Fear, that he hath it not; and Hatred, that he may have it and repose. But to lend money to a friend embodieth three rare corresponding virtues; Faith, Hope, and Charity. Faith, that you can trust him with the amount; Hope, that he may not "take his hook;" and Charity, that, if he does, you make a virtue of necessity by the thought that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

PUNCTUALITY is the soul of business, but with regard to the Manchester Carriage Company, it is the solecism!

BIRCH CHURCH.

RUSHOLME, like Coventry, has three distinguishing spires that mark its whereabouts in the flat landscape by which it is surrounded. Of these heaven-pointing fingers two are raised in the interest of the Church, and one by the congregationalists in the name of dissent. The Church party is strong in Rusholme, as the existence of two churches would seem to indicate; dissent the while maintaining respectable ground, and keeping up that unequal struggle which has been waged here since the time of the Commonwealth. The two churches, though not rivals in any quarrelsome way, represent what is high and low in the Establishment. Lest any within the Church's pale who are Evangelical in their tastes should be tempted to go over to the enemy, a sanctuary is offered at the church of the Trinity, familiarly known as Platt Church, the *terra cotta* spire of which rises gracefully from the shady woods in the rear of Platt Hall. Those who have a leaning towards Ritualism and its objective forms of worship, find these things provided in a very mild and harmless form at the church of St. James, at Birch, situate in the hamlet of that name, which lies a little to the left of the Didsbury Road. Both these churches were founded by private individuals, the one at Platt being erected in 1846 at the sole expense of Thomas Cavill Worsley, of Platt Hall, at a cost of £3600. The present church of St. James, though erected in the same year by public subscription at a cost of £4300, replaces the more ancient chapel of Birch, founded by one of the family of that name, the date of which is somewhat obscure. Tradition says that Matthew de Haversage, Knight of Withington, being accompanied in the crusades by his squire Matthew de Birch, on his return granted to his faithful attendant certain lands at Birch, and that the said Matthew de Birch erected a chapel thereon for public worship. That the lands of Birch came into the hands of the Birch family by grant from the Knight of Withington, seems to be correct, but the more reliable chronicle of the place, published by the Chetham Society, says that the chapel was erected by the Birch family and consecrated in the reign of Elizabeth, somewhere between the years 1558 and 1573. A simple, quaint structure it was, of brick roofed with grey slates, with a plain cross at the east end of it, and at the west a bell turret, the bell of which, we believe, still hangs in the belfry of the new church, but is seldom rung. Curiously enough, we learn from the same chronicles that here congregationalism first gained a foothold in Rusholme. In 1646 the Rev. John Wigan, being then curate of the church, preached Noncomformity to his hearers, and succeeding him in 1672, under the patronage and protection of that Colonel Birch who distinguished himself as an officer in Cromwell's army, the Rev. Henry Finch upheld the same views until expelled by the next heir to the estate, when he and some of his congregation erected the chapel of Platt, now standing, dissent having then assumed the Unitarian form.

The locality of Birch Church was, and is even yet, picturesque. It is erected on a slight eminence overlooking the meadows and marshy lands that lie low around it, with a little watercourse running by, that in earlier days, doubtless, was pure enough as it crept slowly through the rushy holmes that have given a name to the district, but is now foul and slimy, filled with ooze, mud, and dank weeds. And now the great destroyer has marred the beauty of the place in other ways. The soil about Rusholme is mainly clay, and clay is good for making bricks, and as Mr. Ruskin says, no one ever heard of a piece of land which would let well on a building lease, remaining unlet because it was a flowery piece, so, however the meadows below Birch contributed to the beauty of the situation, that was of little account when bricks were wanted for building purposes. The entrance to Birch Church is across the aforenamed brook and through a pretty lych gate. The burial ground is one of the prettiest nooks of the kind about Manchester, and a favourite place of resort for such as love to wander among graves. Its monumental stones are rich and varied. Costly marbles are matched with immortelles, and most of the graves have each their little well-kept garden of flowers. Side by side, and mingled with these more ostentatious modern graves, are those where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep—humble for the most part, with here and there a half-effaced inscription—

> Each letter full of hope and yet of heart-break,
> Full of all the tender pathos
> Of the Here and the Hereafter.

Beautiful and costly as some of the graves are, we prefer the plain homely slabs. Display of grief in ostentatious forms is vulgar and shows how much of pride may exist in our greatest sorrows.

The present church is built in the lancet or early English style of architecture. The designs were furnished by Mr. J. Macduff Derick, of Oxford. Outwardly it is a beautiful edifice, without pretension, and proportioned in its parts. The interior is very pleasing in effect. It is without galleries, open to the roof with a raised chancel. The seats are open stalls capable of accommodating betweeen seven hundred and eight hundred persons. The best of these in the centre aisle of the nave are free. Painted windows at the east and west ends, with some smaller ones at the sides, together with illuminated texts on the walls, relieve with their colouring the otherwise grave tone of the building. A large congregation is attracted to the place, especially on Sunday evenings, when it is often inconveniently crowded. It is difficult to account for the various motives which induce men to meet together for worship. The intellect has often as much to do with the matter as the heart, and much lower motives and inducements are not without their place. Of those who flock to Birch, some, doubtless, are of those who love

> The pure voiced children's chant antiphonal,
> Soft hymn and holy prayer and benison.

joined with

> The rolling organ harmony,
> That swells and shakes and falls.

For them there are attractions; for the service is conducted with taste and intelligence, with the assistance of a good choir and an admirable organ. The church has the reputation of being High, but there is nothing offensive to the most fastidious. Now and then it breaks out into an enthusiasm of festivals, when the church is tastefully decorated with flowers, and processions are indulged in for a little effect. Whatever the attractions are, æsthetical or devotional, certainly the sermons are not among them. Of the Rev. George Henry Greville Anson, M.A., Incumbent of the church and Canon of Manchester cathedral, or of his Curate, we have little to say, and that we would not wish to be at all disparaging, but from neither of them have we ever heard a good sermon. Good in a certain sense they all are, and as homilies entirely unexceptionable, but by no means polemical. Churchmen avowedly give little place in their services to the sermon, and as a rule leave to dissenting ministers the task of grappling with the enemies of the faith and overcoming them with argument. The Rev. Mr. Anson is undoubtedly a man who does not care for polemical discourses. His sermons are gentle homilies, listened to with patience and respect, but otherwise without point or force. There is nothing angular about the man in any way. His appearance is not striking—a plain, homely, benevolent face with just a little of that spirituelle look about the eyes which marks the devotional nature. The greatest drawback to his preaching is his voice. Under all circumstances there is a prolonged sort of wailing tone in it which is almost unendurable until one has got accustomed to it. But the Rev. Mr. Anson's pretensions are not those of a preacher or pulpit orator; his power is exercised in a direction, perhaps, more important, and with greater force as a true pastor to his flock. He has the highest reputation for being a large-hearted, benevolent, devoted man, one of those who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame." In his private charity he admits no distinction of creed. After all the true gospel is that of work, and men are preachers more by what they do than say. Measured by this standard Mr. Anson is one of the most successful of his class, and we can readily forgive deficiencies of oratory, style, or argument, in view of these much higher virtues. With a ritual so beautiful and comprehensive as that of the Church of England it is not a difficult matter to dispense with the sermon, and, after all, as the country parson says, "you may get much good from a quiet reflective hour in church, even when the sermon is an indifferent matter." For such reflective moments Birch Church is admirably adapted. The beautiful simplicity and fitness of the building to its use, the storied windows through which the light falls softly, the angel-headed bosses and curious carvings

> All carved out of the carver's brain,

and the consciousness of smooth green turf outside, all tend to give a sense of quiet rest highly favourable to that state of mind which, if it is not devotional, is something near akin to it. A lotos eating form of worship perhaps, but pleasant withal.

THE HAYMARKET COMPANY.

THE Haymarket Company have condescended to honour us once more with their presence. What Manchester has done to be deprived of the pleasure of their performances for one season, and to only get it accorded for a few nights the next, is difficult to understand. However, we suppose we must pocket our pique, and be thankful for mercies of any size. The re-appearance of such dramatic treasures must be welcomed with the heartiness which is due to the gratification they afford us. Admirable theatrical performances are, with us, too few and far between to be sacrificed to pride. Therefore, we welcome the Haymarket Company—but we can't help feeling rather sore. Now, a truce to grumbling. Let us look upon the pleasant side. If the disappointment of our expectations last year made us feel somewhat slighted, we cannot fail to feel complimented by the estimate which the Haymarket Company form of our dramatic taste, when they do visit us. As they give a series of the best comedies on the stage, they only give about two mediocre ones in six months to the benighted Cockneys. No difference between two theatrical companies can well be more striking than the difference between this Company in London and in the provinces. At the Haymarket Theatre one is pretty certain to see a good performance, but the performance one sees there is poor, compared with that we see in our own theatre when the same performers are performing. The Company seem especially adapted to standard comedy; and, moreover, we cannot help thinking that the knowledge that they are playing to an audience which can appreciate it, adds to their spirit. With all due deference to venerable tradition and conventional respect for the metropolis, a Manchester audience is mentally superior to a London one. It is more critical, too. It would not tolerate the stuff a London one applauds. A new play would succeed much more easily in London than in Manchester—especially if it were a poor one. One's awe of the metropolis wears off with knowledge. Familiarity breeds contempt. A London audience would rather "La Dada with a Lady" than see the finest comedy. The middle classes would not applaud the screen-scene in the *School for Scandal* half as rapturously as Miss Sheridan's—ancles; and the upper classes would pay a guinea to be winked at by Schneider, when they wouldn't pay a shilling to see Compton roll his eyes. The critical incapacity of a London audience is shewn by nothing better than by its inability to appreciate Mr. Compton. Mr. Compton is the drollest actor on the stage. In his own line no one can approach him. Nobody knows this better than a Manchester audience; nobody knows it less than a London one. Contrast the enthusiastic greeting Mr. Compton will receive to-night with the rustling reception he ordinarily gets in the Haymarket, and then judge between the critical acumen of the two assemblies. Here, he is regarded as the consummation of comedy; there, as a good stock-actor. He is not vulgar enough to please the Cockneys; Cockney comedy is farce. In the new piece of Dr. Westland Marston's, which has lately been the body of the programme in the Haymarket, Mr. Compton has been playing a swell of the period—exhibiting one of the most exquisitely ludicrous caricatures it is possible to conceive. The London papers dismissed the admirable impersonation with a line of commendation—which counts for nothing, as London dramatic critics commend everything and everybody—and then went off into long eulogies of Mr. Sothern, who walked about the stage like a locomotive tailors' dummy, and spouted sentiment and pathos with about as much expression as a pump.

Here we come to another reason why the Haymarket Company appear to so much better advantage in Manchester than London. They get rid of Mr. Sothern. At home, they cannot do without him. He fills the theatre nightly. But Manchester—and here is another proof of its critical power—has come to the conclusion that Mr. Sothern is an over-rated man, and does not care to make a fuss about him. Thus, his coadjutors—relieved of him—are free to exercise the superior ability which they contain within themselves. London has no idea of the power of the Haymarket Company. They are eclipsed by Mr. Sothern. Mr. Sothern's name is there the most prominent feature of the play-bill; Mr. Sothern's person there is the most prominent feature of the play. The piece has been written for him. He is brought upon the stage as soon as possible. He advances towards the footlights, dressed up to the eyes, wearing the ring presented to him by the Prince of Wales—that admirable judge of genuine genius—the audience applauds; he smiles

and bows, and never quits the stage until the curtain falls, except six times, to put on six elaborate new suits of clothes; while Mr. Buckstone second-fiddles to him, all the evening, with humility. The Haymarket Company simply don't act. London does not appreciate them. Mr. Buckstone—now that Mr. Sothern is upon a tour—dare not trust to their inherent talents for success. He has engaged Miss Bateman, to curse for the Cockneys. Thus, for weeks, the genius that delights Manchester will lie dormant, while entranced London gazes at her back-hair. Here are Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, and Mr. Compton, to bless; yet the Londoners ask for Miss Bateman, to curse. Poor Mr. Chippendale! The last time we beheld him, he was reduced to stalking up and down the stage, and mumbling about a "naughty, naughty naughty man." Shade of Sir Peter Teazle! Is this bearable? How could Sir Anthony Absolute submit to the disgrace?

However, let us waste no more pity over the poor Londoners, but rather anticipate our own delights. We have the Haymarket Company themselves. Here are the old names—but, ah! how time flies, and things change! Where are Mr. W. Farren and Miss Nelly Moore? Mr. Kendal is a fair actor, and Miss Madge Robertson is an excellent and charming actress, who has got more power than she has yet exhibited in London; but Miss Robertson will have hard work to replace her predecessor in the favour of a Manchester audience; and it is so utterly impossible for Mr. Kendal to supply the place of Mr. Farren, that he'd better not try. To-night the play is *Hamlet, without the Prince of Denmark; or the School for Scandal, without Charles Surface.* Heigho!

Still, we have the other members of the Company, and we have the old plays—and a new one. The programme makes one's mouth water. To all the pieces which they have advertised for next week—except *London Assurance*—we would recommend those who regard the theatre as a poor place to go. For those who have a prejudice against the play, now is the time to put it to the test. If it survives next week's performances, there is no hope for them; they will become objects of pity, rather than contempt. To all who feel what a grand treat the genuine drama is, we need not speak: the play-bill shouts. Our carnival has come.

THE TWENTY PITS.

These fatal pits have again claimed another victim. Last week some teetotallers were holding a gala in the fields at Moss Side, when a little boy stripped his clothes and proceeded to bathe in one of the pits. He had not been in the water five minutes before the treacherous nature of the bottom betrayed him, and he was drowned in the presence of hundreds of spectators. We believe something like thirty or forty people, chiefly children, have now lost their lives in these traps of death. Surely something might be done to prevent these periodical and heart-rending occurrences. There is not even a ray of comfort in the announcement that after the boy was drowned, the police arrived. To add to the horrors of the scene, the band was playing when the catastrophe occurred.

GAPING GEESE.

At the Victoria Music Hall, a concert of a novel nature was announced to take place yesterday. Prizes were to be given; a silver tea pot for the best comic singer, and a silver mounted butter cooler for the worst comic vocalist. Each singer to carry a living goose under his arm. Should the performance be repeated, we would suggest that, to save expense, the singers carry each other in turns, or if they are too heavy, pick out some of the light weights of the audience. In intelligence and cackle they will be found worthy substitutes for the bird which saved Rome.

HINT TO BOWLERS.

Some greens require a bowl with a strong bias, but the flowing bowl sometimes produces more than is necessary on green-horns.

A MODERN SIR-PRIZE.—Knighthood.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

IMPORTANT MEETING AT SNIGBRUCK.

REGARDING the Cotton Trade it may be truly said, in the words of Artemus Ward:—"The crisis that were to have ariven have arove;" or, rather, considering the authoritative dictum so prevalent a short time ago, that directly the American civil war ceased, piping times were a certainty for Lancashire, it would be more correct to put it "the crisis that were *not* to have ariven have arove." For weeks past the trade of this district has been in a state perplexing to the outside speculator, and ruinous to those directly interested. And yet no large effort had been made to discuss the position of the trade in any of its leading centres. At length, however, the important manufacturing centre of Snigbruck has awakened to the gravity of the situation, has met in solemn conclave, and has recorded a most characteristic decision. The honour of originating this most opportune movement rests with the Mayor of that energetic and enlightened borough. In obedience to a circular emanating from that functionary the leading spinners and manufacturers gathered together, the other day, at the Blue Cow. Their proceedings were not made public, but by the kindness of a manufacturer who was present, and who describes his life-motto to be "long credit and short-hand," we are enabled to lay before our readers a *resumé* of their proceedings.

The company having assembled, the Mayor borrowed a pencil from one gentleman, and an old envelope from another, and, thus armed, remarked: "Being in the trade mysel, I must see as we do what's jannock to th' house; so, afore we commences, I'll take down your orders. Hands up for gin!" This ceremony having been gone through, the same form was repeated as regards the leading strong drinks of the district, and the result duly recorded on the old envelope by the worthy Mayor. The paper was then handed to the waiter, and in a few minutes every man had his peculiar weakness before him; and, amid the drumming of spoons upon the table, the Mayor arose and spoke.

"Looking round," he said, "on this here hinfluential borough of Snigbruck, a man must be a hass as cannot see as it owes its importance to th' Cotton Trade. Th' Cotton Trade is its heart, lungs, and liver all in one: it is for sure. And this here important trade is in an 'ole. It's no use disguising it: it's in an 'ole. Mr. Councillor Atefore says 'hup a tree!' Be it so: hup a tree or in an 'ole is the same thing. But what I ask is this: Is this community to stand still—is the Mayor of this community to keep quiet and not to see if nothing can be done to get the trade out of this 'ole or down from hup that tree? Oi thought not, and so I called this meeting. (Loud cheers.) Now, aw'm not in the trade myself, and I must leave it for them as is to try and arrive at some conclusion as to what ought to be done. But what I can do I will. And it seems to me that the time has arrived when steps ought to be taken to start a Relief Fund for the Cotton Masters. During the American war the hands had their turn, and th' Manchester committee, and th' Mansion House committee, relieved them well, so as many an 'ouse had three or four blankets as had never seen nothing gradelier than a Bowton quilt. Now the Masters' time has come, and it would be a crying shame if something were not done for them. Anyhow I'll do what I can, and I'm prepared to get up a feet shampeter at my place, with sack running, so-up poles, and things of that kind, and hand over the proceeds to form a fund to be divided among the masters of the town. If the operatives don't come in thousands I don't know my fellow citizens.

The Mayor's suggestion was received with great favour, and for a quarter of an hour the time of the meeting was taken up with anticipations of the projected fête.

Mr. MULL said he should go in for the soaped pole, and was met with a cry of "Nothing like *lather*, 'Enery!" which joke was highly appreciated.

Mr. BOBSON had a dog he would run against any other within five miles.

Mr. Alderman SISLY stated that he believed there had not been a greater success in Snigbruck as an exhibition within the memory of the oldest inhabitant than his own aquatic performance at the opening of the Public Baths. He had heard only one complaint, and that was as to the extremely limited number of the spectators. The fair sex had been debarred an opportunity of witnessing it. Now, if the

admirable suggestion of the Mayor was carried out, he was prepared to repeat it. "In the D. L. uniform?" enquired a voice. No: he would not bring that uniform into contact with the water, but to give *eclat* to the proceedings he would walk to the *fête* in it in procession." This was received with loud cheering, followed by a perfect Babel of ejaculated suggestions. "Couldn't we draw a badger?" "Mister Mayor, mightn't we have a bit of cocking?" amid which

Mr. Councillor SEMITERRY rose and spoke:—"Mister Mere, I rise to propose as these here folks as is so interested in drawing up a bill of fare for this here *feet* goes outside and settles it there, and that them as is more interested in th' state of th' trade proceeds to business."

This opportune suggestion elicited a warm approval, and had the practical effect of gaining the entire attention of the assembly to the worthy councillor, who then proceeded:—

"There never were no such times as these. I remember when th' owd felly were alive, and I used to hook up th' cuts. I never hooked a piece that there wasn't a profit on. Sometimes three halfpence, sometimes threepence, sometimes moore, but always summat. Now it is nobbut loss. I've gi'en up hooking mysel, and it's th' brass now as is hooking it. (Cheers and laughter.) Aye, they may laugh, but it's wrong side of th' mouth. Going to Manchester is enough to make a man fit to cut his throat, or his stick. Lower on Tuesday than it were on Friday, and lower on Friday than it were on Tuesday. And I don't see no end to it. As long as them fools in Accrington and Harrud go on rolling out cloth as nobody wants I see no chance for a Snigbruck manufacturer. I'm not prepared to say what should be done, but I'm clear as summat should be done, and that at oncst."

Mr. SELFE HACTOR thought there was a deal of sound sense in Mr. Semiterry's remarks, and, as a spinner, he could corroborate them. He was losing a hundred a week, and that was the real truth. He put nothing but American in his yarn, and his mixing cost him over tenpence; that was the real truth; it was, for sure. Well, with 32's at twelvepence halfpenny, it was fairly galloping to ruin. He ought to be getting fourteen pence: but so long as these infatuated idiots in Oldham persisted in pouring million weights of twist out weekly he saw no chance of it. He thought that if the Manchester Chamber of Commerce were worth its salt it ought to see that places like Oldham stopped production, and the people in Snigbruck would have a fair chance.

Mr. ALFRETON said: "I'll lay Mr. Selfe Hactor glasses round that no American sees the inside of his mill. Such exaggerations do a deal of harm, and they make Snigbruck ridiculous in the eyes of Lancashire. Nothing better than Surat at eightpence ever gets into his stuff, and I've no doubt he's making money. But there is no mystery about a manufacturer. Take the lowest priced stuff that would hold together, you may even take old Timberleg's celebrated yarn that was spun for export and not to be woven, and a child could see that the shirting trade is ruin. And it is all owing to the great makers. They go on producing and trample the poorer qualities into the very dirt. So long as Waltons and Clitheroes keep producing and selling I can see no chance for folks here. They ought to stop, and I think this meeting should consider what steps should be taken to make such people do their duty to the trade.

Mr. TAPER agreed with much that had fallen from the preceding speakers, and had thought for some weeks that folks in other districts must have taken leave of their senses to go on making as they were. But he did not think they had hit the right nail on the head. In his opinion the fault rested with the Buyers. What kind of a creature in all common sense was a Buyer who would not buy? This was not an age to tolerate useless incumbrances, sinecures, and such like. And for men in Manchester with great palaces of warehouses, and calling themselves "Buyers," to come on 'Change Market-day after Market-day and coolly tell you "they were not operating," was a crying shame. There ought to be some law to make Buyers buy, or to get rid of them.

Mr. SIZE was proud to endorse every word that had fallen from Mr. Taper. What we wanted was such men as WOODFOLD. If their great townsman Dannul had taken half the trouble to keep Woodfold on his legs that he had to persecute him, the trade would have been in a different position. He'd not have stuck at prices, and Snigbruck would have been prosperous.

Mr. WEFT considered that the whole fault lay in Liverpool. In the hands of a Tory Government the laws were a perfect farce. They had a law against conspiracy, and when had the world seen such a gigantic conspiracy as was to be found at Liverpool? But for that conspiracy cotton would be at fivepence a pound, and they would all be too busy making money to be there. If the Parliament had been worth a halfpenny, instead of dissolving and running away to grouse and partridges, it would have passed a short bill abolishing the Brokers' Association and transporting a few of its leading members by way of warning. But so long as we had an aristocracy he saw no hope.

Several other speeches of similar nature and tendencies were delivered, and at last

Mr. Alderman NOVAS rose and said:—"While others have been talking I have been thinking and working. I have listened to the various remarks and think them admirable, and doubt not but that they must have a startling effect on the course of trade. I have drawn up a resolution which I think embodies the views of this meeting and which, without further preface, I will submit. It runs as follows:—

"That this Meeting collectively recognises the necessity that exists for universal short-time, and strongly recommends to all districts engaged in Cotton Spinning and Weaving, the immediate limitation of the time of working to three days per week. At the same time it individually leaves itself open to work to the utmost limits allowed by law."

This resolution was received with unbounded applause, accompanied by a cry of "Aye! and longer too if you can dodge th' Inspector." It was seconded and carried unanimously. A vote of thanks was moved and carried to the Mayor for convening the Meeting, for presiding over it, and, especially, for his spirited and well-timed proposal; and a Committee was formed to give it a practical result.

The Meeting then broke up; a considerable proportion retiring below for the due celebration of their evening libations, and others going in knots to the various Clubs, where loo was kept up to the small hours of the morning. At the breakfast-tables next day not a few of the gentlemen announced to the fair partners of their destinies, that the annual trip to Blackpool might take place, for "Aw think, owd lass, as last night we made th' trade aw reet."

It is too early yet to report the effect this Meeting has had upon business in this Market.

NOT FOR JOSEPH.

THE LAY OF A TOWN CLERK.

The wary Heron, motionless and stiff,
That at his post so silently and stilly,
Stands an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the painted lily!

Hood's Poems slightly emendated.

I am the people's best beloved,
And JOSEPH is my name,
The city's indispensable,
And ever constant flame;
It's head and heart and guardian good,
Kind friends assert, but oh,
I fear they're over partial, and
Assumption's not for Joe!
Not for Joe, not for Joe,
If he knows it, not for Joseph;
Flatters low, no! no! no!
Not for Joseph, oh dear, no!

My wants are humble as myself,
And little, like my pay;
A quiet man at peace with all,
If I but get my way.
A simple creed I act upon;
Alike with friend or foe,
My principles are—policy,
My policy is—Joe!
Oh dear no, not for Joe,
If he knows it, not for Joseph,
Cram or crow, fuss or slow,
Not for Joseph, oh dear, no!

I educate my party, but,
Imperfectly, I fear;
For who could put a polish on
Some parties sent me here?
I wish I could but "finish" them,
But far too well I know
What even nature could'nt do,
Alas! is not for Joe!
Not for Joe, not for Joe,
As he knows it, not for Joseph,
No, no, no, not for Joe,
Not for Joseph, oh dear no!

When summer's term is over,
And November vapours bring
Fresh pupils, very keen of scent
And strong upon the wing;
When they begin to cry "reform!"
And ask why things are so,
I clip their wings, and stop their flight,
Such bunkum's not for Joe.
Not for Joe, not for Joe,
If he knows it, not for Joseph,
Over throw, work and "go"
Not for Joseph, oh dear no!

BOWDON AND THE BOWDON RAILWAY.

MIDDLE-AGED natives of the locality are fond of telling of the time when Bowdon consisted of a church, a public-house—immediately opposite the church, of course—three or four farm houses, a few cottages, and a pump or two. The pumps have probably disappeared, or become obsolete. Some few of the cottages, low-roofed, whitewashed places, with no windows to speak of, remain, and one of them bears the date 1666. One fact about Bowdon, which admits of no cavil or dispute, is its hill. Admiring and curious residents among the lowlands of Stretford and Sale—though, if required, they are quite prepared to prove the superior attractiveness and healthfulness of their own abodes—look with wonder, not unmixed with awe, at its lofty heights. On the edge of the hill facing Manchester is the Church of St. Margaret, which commands a dim view, to which, possibly, distance may lend enchantment, of the far off factory chimneys, and the various settlements on the South Junction Railway. On the other side of the hill is the Parish, or, as it is generally called, the Old Church, though the present building is a new one. The churchyard is very striking. It is a large sloping expanse of ground on one side of the Church, covered with stones and monuments, some three or four centuries, others not a fortnight, old. A few yew trees, one or two of a fabulous age—if the stories on the subject are to be believed—are scattered about. Here idle sight-seers wander, to look curiously at the quaint inscriptions, the odd phrases, and curious spelling on the older tombs, and to admire the glorious expanse of country beyond. Peeping out of a clump of trees is the tower of the beautiful little Church at Rostherne. Away to the left are the heights of Alderley, and, as far as the eye can reach, splendid stretches of fertile and well-wooded country. On the high ground between these two Churches, and climbing up every side of the hill stand houses of all sizes and every degree of beauty. Every conceivable order of architecture and shade of colour which the genius of architects or the whims and ignorance of owners can suggest are here represented. There is nothing overpoweringly rustic in the place itself. Many of the roads still bear their ancient names; but asphalt and macadam have robbed them of much of their old discomfort and rurality. The neighbourhood, however, abounds with rustic walks. The banks of the Bollin, a noisy and often murky stream, with its three land marks—Castle Mill, Ashley Mill, and the mill at Bollington—and numerous wooden bridges, more or less insecure and broken down, are always delightful and attractive. Dunham Park, too, with its noble trees, helps to preserve intact the original appearance of the neighbourhood. At certain periods this resort is practically closed to the natives of Bowdon. On the afternoons of Saturday and Sunday, in the summer, crowds of Manchester folk, of every class, including, certainly, some barmaids from the hotels in town, and horsey young men, whose escort the ladies have condescended to accept, throng its walks. Then every true Bowdonite retires to the inmost room of his castle, in preference to taking air amidst such plebeian associations. No persuasion could induce him to walk in regions where there is any likelihood of meeting people who do not show proof of their respectability in the matter of hats, coats, and boots. For if there is any one trait, more than another which characterises the Bowdon mind, it is regard for excessive respectability. At that shrine its worship is offered. No variation from what is strictly orthodox can be for a moment allowed, and none is attempted by those who care for their good name. It is absolutely necessary to choose one of two characters; if you are not outwardly very nice, you must be the blackest of black sheep. No two places could, in some points, afford a stronger contrast than Sale and Bowdon. In the former place everybody knows more of his neighbour's affairs than that neighbour himself, and takes at least as much trouble with, and thought about, them. In Bowdon, on the contrary, exclusiveness, vast and profound, is the invariable rule. Unless by accident, or with the exception we have pointed out, next door neighbours know nothing of each other and each other's doings, and care just as little. There is a certain danger in connection with this state of mind. Detractors from the immediate vicinity are fond of pointing out that such exclusiveness tends towards snobbishness. Harsher critics say that the tendency has become a reality, and that the two words are only different names of one and the same habit of mind.

The feature about Bowdon, which enters most prominently into the daily life of the residents, is the railway. This feeling of prominence is natural enough on the part of those whose duties require that they travel morning and evening, and at rare intervals in the afternoon. Fair ladies, to a limited extent, share the idea, for, apart from other considerations, they seldom lack excuse for occasional jaunts to town. Generally these journeys are managed through the quiet mid-day trains, and after business people have hustled away. Sometimes, however, by peculiar stress of circumstances, they are forced to travel by the morning express. The appearance of a lady at these times invariably creates a feeling of alarm and terror in the occupants of every compartment which she approaches, lest assistance and room should be demanded. When the lady is seated the general uneasiness becomes local. All who are seated in the same division of the carriage suddenly find great difficulty in exhibiting their usual grace, and not even with the help of a double newspaper do they succeed in disguising their discomfort and distress. Indeed it is generally considered that ladies are only allowed to use trains as it were on sufferance, and under protest. This particularly applies to the express trains, known as the 8-25, and the 9, by which a great majority of the men of Bowdon, whose business lies in Manchester, travel. Each of these trains has peculiarities. Those who travel by the earlier one are fond of calling it the business train, as distinguished from its later, and therefore more aristocratic companion, which is generally known as the "gentlemen's" train. It is considered quite legitimate to hint that no one whose work is worth his salt, would dream of leaving Bowdon at any other time than twenty-five minutes past eight. Its passengers include more numerous representatives of young Bowdon. They come to the station in shorter time, race down the hill,—no longer (miserabile dictu), in answer to the tuneful whistle of the enlarged and railway edition of the fat boy—at a more breakneck speed than is possible with their later and perhaps stouter compeers. Though they spend far less time over breakfast, they much more frequently miss the train, always be it observed, through the scandalous and outrageous mismanagement of the station clock. Every individual of them is prepared to swear that the train is so much faster, and reaches town with greater punctuality than the other. Indeed the nine o'clock train they profess to regard as a very slight improvement on the ordinary slow trains. The fast runners to the later train are fewer, and the passengers as a rule more portly. Many like to come a few minutes early, to glance over the paper, and to exchange words with the station master, who, under a capacious straw hat is evidently perspiring under the modest impression that he accomplishes the work of any six officials on the line (a delusion, it is needless to say, strictly confined to the worthy gentleman). Every compartment has morning after morning the same occupants. Some altogether refuse to sit with their backs to the engine, others are comfort-

able no other way. Some are willing to risk a cold for the sake of the fresh air, and others are prepared to quarrel with anyone who objects to have the window closed, whatever be the state of the weather. A few modest minded individuals, for the sake of coolness, choose the second class carriage, bare, hard, and perfectly uncomfortable though it be; but so supremely respectable are we, that most of us would altogether decline to do anything of the sort, whatever might be the consequences. By tacit consent, two or three of the last compartments in each of these trains are given up to the younger branches of the rising generation. It behoves all moderately sensitive individuals to avoid these. In them, the journey is occupied in playful and interesting contests as to who can shout the loudest and longest; in amusing experiments in the art of pushing each other through the window, or in throwing away and hiding each other's caps or hats, if they have attained that dignity. Such exhibitions of youthful agility and boyish mischievousness are doubtless pleasent enough to the actors, but some little discrimination should be used as to the circumstances of their exercise. These and the other fast trains, including that at five minutes past five in the afternoon, and the Saturday express, are sources of never ending delight, pride, and triumph. On the strength of them, Bowdon assumes an air of modest superiority over places less favoured by nature, and the Secretary,—perhaps we ought to invert the order of these powers. Sale is the chief object of this patronage. Perhaps it is that Timperley and Brooklands are so small and unimportant as to make the notion of rivalry altogether impossible. But Sale is blessed with a certain bumptiousness, which, in the opinion of Bowdon friends, occasionally merits some snubbing. Stretford is in a peculiarly unhappy position. The residents at every place on the line agree to sneer and point the finger when that unfortunate locality is mentioned, and there is no other place on which Stretford can look down. Sale finds some comfort and consolation for the "whips and scorns" of its neighbours in retaliation, and repeats everything unpleasant with increased vehemence of its immediate neighbour. The very slowest trains are called derisively Stretford expresses. Mention Stretford to a Saleite, and it suggests to him to tell you with the air of one saying something overpoweringly witty and original, that the place is generally called Pork-hampton. Inquire further, and you will be told that Stretford is celebrated for pigs, and the various edible products of that musical and cleanly animal, and for nothing else, except it be for the general contempt which the inhabitants entertain for such acts of ordinary politeness as mark the gentleman. A dweller at Stretford was never known to put in practice the smallest of those social amenities which make railway life endurable. And without doubt, every inhabitant of Sale is endowed, by nature and art, with all that is refined and polite, and very acutely feels the absence of such gifts in others.

It is an article of faith with every resident at Bowdon, to travel by a fast train. When from accidental or other causes, a Bowdonite has to make use of a slow train, he does so with ill-concealed scorn. He yawns very often during the journey, and loudly expiates on the misery of slow trains. Such people protested most vigorously against the reformation in the matter of the examination of contract tickets at Old Trafford. At first, in common with others, they altogether refused to show their tickets, and popular sympathy went with them. Gradually the more moderate people fell away, and only a few were left to hear the brunt of the fight and quarrel with the ticket collectors. In relation to these, the Secretary, omniscient and omnipotent, assumed a new character; *videlicet*, that of letter writer. The notions then, and even now, prevalent of his power of writing fearsome and terrifying things, partake of the fabulous. It is known that one young gentleman living at Bowdon, who is supposed to have a more numerous family of dogs, a more profound knowledge of bad language and a greater skill and readiness in its use than any other resident on the line, has never been heard to swear since receiving a note from the Secretary on the subject of his abuse of the porters. It is pleasant to record that there is no more unpopular character than he who delays the train by refusing to produce his ticket. No more humiliating spectacle can be conceived than the contractor who has forgotten his ticket. Violent attempts to appear at ease only exaggerate and render more apparent his misery and fear.

We had intended when we began this paper, to write of Bowdon and Altrincham exclusively. Some other day we may perhaps have an opportunity of carrying out our intentions.

THE MOAN OF THE IRWELL.

I once was a river—a long while ago,
But now, I sink of iniquity flow;
As murk as the Styx, and so loathsome to view,
Even suicides quail at my foulness, and rue;
And the rash souls who Hades' dark passage would dare,
From my feculence turn as a blacker despair
And too dismal to drown in.
No madman would think
Of a fluid so filthy as I am to drink.
To my exit impure, from my innocent source,
New horrors pollute every yard of my course
Until I become, to my sorrow and shame,
The most odious river that e'er owned the name.

Eheu! for the time when the pike and the trout,
And the silvery small fry my stream swam about;
When the Chetham boys fished on my verdurous shore,
Or laved in the lymph lost to me evermore.
When the lads to my banks their coy sweethearts would lead,
As the spot where love's tender plea best might succeed.
It is gone! with the umbrage which shadowed me o'er;
With the fishers, who muse by my margin no more;
With the lovers, who pleaded, the maids who said yea;
And the troth-plights they sealed in love's ever fresh way.
No fish now inhabit my waters so black,
As I, reptile-like, wind o'er my venomous track;
But of nameless unclean things I harbour too much,
And my banks are a quagmire, my bottom is slutch.
In the room of the pleasant green shade which has fled
I am frowned on by tannery, dyehouse, and shed;
My presence flings mildew and blight over all,
And, of hopeless despair, a huge symbol I crawl.

Commissioners shrewd may inspect me in vain,
To all time I must still be a poisonous drain.
'Tis apparent enough how the mischief is done;
But where is the chivalry under the sun
Shall outweight the unrighteous self-interests which
Have transformed my pure stream to a plague-breeding ditch?

The question involves the whole wherefore and why—
Don't hurry, good folks, with a fitting reply.

A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED.

On reading the advertisement of the Chemist who daily calls the attention of the world to his "Improved Baby's Teething Powders;" poor Chivers, who has suffered much o' nights lately, observed that he had no doubt of the teething powders being a stern fact, but that, judging from his experience, the desirable invention—an *improved baby*, was yet in the "dim and utter distance" of the future.

LIKE ENOUGH.

'Tis folly to assert that there is nothing *like* leather, for the purchaser of cheaply-bound books often finds to his sorrow that paper can be made to bear a most painful resemblance to it.

DEFINITION BY A CRUSTY BACHELOR.—Waiting Maids.—Spinsters.

SHARP PRACTICE.—Steeling a carver before dinner.

A SUIT IN ABEYANCE.—The winding sheet.

ERRATUM.—In the "Visit to the Hulme Barracks," page 8, sixth and seventh lines from the top of the third column, for "our soldier exercises his horse from 2 to 10-30 a.m., *read* "from 9 to 10-30 a.m,"

THACKERAY'S BIRTHPLACE.

A TOURIST who is writing, in the *Madras Times*, a series of letters on his journey from Madras to Bombay, raises the question of Thackeray's birthplace, and remarks :—

It would certainly not detract from the interest attaching to Adoni to know that it was the birthplace of Thackeray the novelist. It was stated some time ago, in one of the Home reviews, that Thackeray had first seen the light in his father's bungalow at this place. I should have no hesitation in believing the statement if I were not equally certain that I had read somewhere else that the great English novelist was born at Calcutta. It is quite certain that when Munro was settling the Ceded Districts, one of his principal assistants was a Mr. Thackeray; and from the fact of Munro's recording what pleasure it gave him to visit this gentleman now and then at Adoni, and talk about the Greeks and Trojans, it may be inferred that Mr. Thackeray's classical proclivities were as marked as those of William Makepeace himself; and from the further circumstance of Munro's chaffing Mr. Thackeray, on one occasion when the Adoni barber of the period had cropped that gentleman like a convict, that "he had a head like Themistocles," it is evident that Munro himself had a taste for classical illustration, as also that the chief and his subordinate were on terms of considerable familiarity. It is really worth settling beyond dispute whether the above gentleman is the veritable Thackeray senior, and if so, whether the celebrated William Makepeace may be claimed as a Madrasse.

It is a rather curious incident that when the Americans sent Dr. Franklin, a printer, as minister to France, the Court of Versailles sent M. Girard, a bookbinder, as minister to Congress. When Dr. Franklin heard of it, "Well," said he, "I'll print the Independence of America, and M. Girard will bind it."

"THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD."—The authorship of this article and of several other papers on the same subject in the *Saturday Review* is understood to be Mrs. Lynn Linton, a tolerably well-known novelist, the daughter of a Keswick clergyman, and wife of Mr. W. J. Linton, the eminent artist and wood-engraver.

A JOURNALIST'S BLUNDER.—An amusing incident occurred the other day in London at the house of one of our oldest and most distinguished generals. He had invited to dinner a very well-known journalist, who during the Crimean campaign obtained great notoriety for his severe attack upon the officers who conducted the siege. When this gentleman arrived at the general's house, an hour late, as is his wont, he found himself surrounded by a number of those very officers whom he had lashed so unmercifully, but he was courteously received, and passed a very pleasant evening. Subsequently he had an opportunity of speaking to his host alone, and asked if there was any special reason for his being invited to meet gentlemen to whom his presence might not have been altogether agreeable." "Excuse me, Doctor——," was the reply. "I did not invite you to meet them. If you will look at your card you will see that my invitation was for the 24th, not the 17th." So it turned out that Dr. —— was a week too soon as well as an hour too late.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The following remarkable little poem is a contribution to the *San Francisco Times*. Each line is a quotation from some one of the standard authors of England and America. It is the result of a search among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present. The number of each line refers to its author below.

LIFE.

1—Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2—Life's a short summer, man a flower.

3—By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
4—The cradle and the tomb, alas, so nigh.

5—To be, is better far than not to be,
6—Though all man's life may seem a tragedy:

7—But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
8—The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

9—Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10—Unmingled joys here to no man befall.

11—Nature to each allots his proper sphare;
12—Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;

13—Custom does often reason overrule,
14—And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.

15—Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven;
16—They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

17—Sin may be clasped so close that we cannot see its face;
18—Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.

19—Then keep each passion down, however dear;
20—Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

21—Her sensual snares, let faithless pleasures lay;
22—With craft and skill, to ruin and betray;

23—Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to raise,
24—We masters grow of all that we despise.

25—O, then, I renounce that impious self-esteem;
26—Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.

27—Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
28—The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

29—What is ambition?—'tis a glorious cheat!—
30—Only destructive to the brave and great.

31—What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32—The ways of bliss lies not on beds of down.

33—How long we live, not years, but actions tell;
34—That man lives twice who lives the first life well.

35—Make, then, while yet we may, your God your friend,
36—Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.

37—The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;
38—For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewel; 6, Spenser; 7, Daniell; 8, Sir Walter Raleigh; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bailey; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thompson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollett; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Cowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Quarles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason; 36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakspere.

A person in Paris noticed a poor man with a wooden leg walking past his house, and gave him a franc. The next day he saw the same beggar, but he had changed the wooden leg from the right to the left. Enraged at the deception, he went up to the man, and exclaimed, "You villain, you had the wooden leg on the other side yesterday! You are not lame at all!" "Monsieur," was the response, with dignity, "I never said I was. I wear a wooden leg for economy, so as not to wear out my trousers, and I change the leg to prevent one leg of the trousers wearing out before the other."

The necessity of discrimination in tract distribution is illustrated by an anecdote. During the Crimean war a lady was distributing tracts to the occupants of the ward of an hospital, and was excessively shocked to hear one poor fellow laugh at her. She stopped to reprove him. "Why, ma'am," says he, "you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing, when I have got both my legs shot off."

PATTI'S LAST APPEARANCE.

LONDON, THURSDAY, JULY 23rd.

ONE of the most crowded and brilliant audiences ever seen within the walls of the Royal Italian Opera assembled to-night to bid farewell to the gifted prima donna, Adelina Patti. Every box was filled, and every stall occupied. In the other parts of the theatre, hundreds were content with standing room. The Duchess of Cambridge, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and suite occupied the Royal box. In the box next to them sat the sister of the fair *beneficiare*, Madame Carlotta Patti, and a good looking young man, designated by current rumour as the Marquis de Caux, who, within a few days, is to take the charming young cantatrice to the altar. Madame Grisi, handsomest and most superb of matrons, occupied a private box with three charming daughters growing up into womanhood, and much resembling her in features, robed in white muslin their dark hair bound up with rose-pink ribbons and gilt zones for belts. These young ladies and their mamma were not the least observed of all observers. The performances to-night being for the benefit of Mdlle. Patti, consisted of an operatic selection. She received an enthusiastic greeting on her first appearance as Juliet in Gounod's new opera. Her singing and acting were alike exquisitely graceful and poetical. She is by nature and sentiment the embodiment of Shakespeare's heroine, and few opera-goers will care to see any one else in a part which Mdlle. Patti has made peculiarly her own. *Romeo and Juliet* contains some pretty and artistic music, but it does not promise to retain possession of the stage like *Faust*.

The great triumph of the night was Mdlle. Patti's appearance in the second act of *Faust*—the garden scene. The best critics agree that she is the most musically perfect Margaret who has ever appeared in the part; and nothing could be more exquisite than the brilliancy and girlish *abandon* with which she sang the jewel song. Mdlle. Patti has sometimes appeared in her own dark hair, and sometimes in a flaxen wig. To-night, she was again the fair-haired Margaret of Goethe's poem, and she looked so beautiful as she stood at the window looking at the garden, and then fell on Faust's bosom with such a passionate surprise, and such entire womanly joy and trust, that the crowded house rang with plaudits as the curtain fell. The shouts rose almost to a tumult when the fair *artist* delayed to come on to acknowledge them. The cause of the brief delay was known only to a few. Mario, instead of leading her before the curtain to the foot-lights, wished her to take precedence. She stopped behind to dash a few "natural tears" out of her eyes, and insisted on his going first. When she did appear the bright drops were still falling; for now Mdlle. Patti felt the pang of parting with those who were in Europe her first as

they have since remained her firmest, truest, and most generous friends.

The next scene was the well-known singing lesson in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, in which Mdlle. Patti, inspired by the presence of the sergeant, tears up the aria she is made to sing, and joins him in the military air so well known to the lovers of this opera. As she marched up and down before the foot-lights with the sergeant she seemed carried ou of herself with enthusiasm; and her *petite* and graceful figure dilated with the pleasure of her old military associations. Applause and bouquets were again liberally showered upon the singer. Then, after a brief pause, the curtain again drew up, and Mdlle. Patti and the company came upon the stage to sing "God Save the Queen," accord ing to custom on the "closing night of the season," and the clear, sweet, penetrating, sympathetic tone again, and for the last time, rang throughout the theatre.

There is a rumour that Mdlle. Patti's husband is by no means rich, and that the future Marquise de Caux will not retire for ever from the stage. The little lady is passionately fond of her art, and the husband is not indifferent to the golden guineas. It is the old old story.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 29th.

This forenoon the most charming singer and actress of our day was married to the Marquis in the Roman Catholic Chapel in Clapham Park, not far from the residence in which Mdlle. Patti has lived during the greater part of her sojourn in London. The chapel was gaily decorated for the occasion with flowers, and there was a brilliant gathering of the bride's friends, including represen tatives of all the sections of fashionable society—aristocratic, literary, and artistic. When the cere mony was over, the company adjourned to the bride's house, where the breakfast was served in a large tent in the gardens. The Marquis is rather fair, and of middle height. The bride looked very animated and lovely. She wore a white satin dress and long lace veil, the bridesmaids being in white and blue. The wedding gifts were very rich and splendid, being worth not less than £3000 or £4000. Telegrams were constantly arriving from all parts of the Continent during the breakfast, and these were read out to the company by Mdlle. Patti herself. The Marquis and Marquise in the afternoon left for Paris, and will go thence to Switzerland. Afterwards they will go to St. Petersburg, where the Marquise has an engagement to fulfil for the winter season. We shall doubtless have another chance of hearing her next season in town. But before three years are over it is under stood she will retire finally and positively from the stage.

The funniest incident that has lately transpired is the case of a doting mother, who, being satisfied that her child merited a flogging, insisted on his previously being put under the influence of chloro form.

THE PEASANT'S DANCING SONG.

[FROM GOETHE'S FAUST: A SCOTCH VERSION.]

THE shepherd busk'd him for the dance,
In's tartan coat an' plaid to prance,
Sae braw, folk's een did row, man.
Lang syne below the trees was thrang,
There a' like mad they lap an' flang.
Hooch, hee! Hooch, hee!
Hooch, heeze, man! Heeze, man! hee!
Sae rung the fiddle-bow, man.

He pressed in, drivin' here an' there,
An' stammered on a maiden fair,
His elbows garred her steer man.
The sprichtly lassie swept her roun,
"Noo, gouk," quo' she, "ye're on my goun."
Hooch, hee! Hooch, hee!
Hooch, heeze, man! Heeze, man! hee!
"Oh! show some havin's here, man,"

Noo quicker gaed they thro' the reel,
To richt an left a' set an' wheel,
Hoo swift the short-gouns' flicht, man!
Syne grew they red, an' grew they warm,
Syne rested, pechin', arm in arm.
Hooch, hee! Hooch, hee!
Hooch, heeze, man! Heeze, man! hee!
An' elbow-deep they sich'd man.

"An' dinna mak' sae free," she said,
"There's mony woo that never wed,
There's mony a broken vow, man."
But aye he fleeched—they stept aside,
Wide frae the trees there skreighed to chide,
Hooch, hee! Hooch, hee!
Hooch, heeze, man! Heeze, man! hee!
Sae skreighed the fiddle-bow, man.

THE SPHINX.

[FROM EOTHEN.]

NEAR the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world. Yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some mould of ancient beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and vain condition of loveliness through generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss you your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphinx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, that in one regard, the stone idol bears awful semblance of the Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will and intent, for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyp tian race—upon keen-eyed travellers, Herodotus yesterday and Warburton to-day—upon all and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting.

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THE LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

IT is still true that one often has to go from home to learn the news. What is the circulation of its chief London newspapers? It is a question which is not simply a matter of impertinent curiosity, but a fair subject of enquiry, and one indeed of considerable importance. The corres pondent of a paper published in the capital of the Western States of America furnishes this reply, and there is reason to believe that it is a very near approximation to the truth:—

The Times is believed to still circulate about 60,000 copies daily, selling them to the trade at twopence-halfpenny each. *The Daily Telegraph* announces in blue letters, five feet long, on the walls, that it has "the largest circulation in the world." The actual sale is from 120,000 to 140,000 daily. *The Standard*, which advertises each week above its leading article, its average daily circulation during the previous week, shows a total of about 120,000, but this includes *The Evening Standard* and *The Morning Herald*, and of these totals a vast number are returned on their hands. The numbers given are the numbers printed, which is a very different thing from the numbers sold. *The Daily News*, which was started at a penny, has sold about 50,000 each day, and its proprietors are sanguine that it will be at the head before many months have passed. *The Morning* and *Evening Star* sell together about 25,000 daily. *The Morning Post* (high-priced) scarcely reaches 4,000 a-day; *The Morning Advertiser*, 5000; *The Ex press* evening paper (the property of *The Daily News*,) is about 15,000; *The Pall Mall Gazette*, 12,000; and *The Globe* 500. There is no really well-written weekly paper in London selling at a penny. All the papers of that price are of an in ferior character, and are sold exclusively among the artisans and mechanics. They reach, however, large numbers in the amount of their sale. Papers which you have never heard of sell some 200,000 weekly. The papers which are read by the ruling classes (for want of a better phrase) are all fivepence or sixpence each. Of the number, the richest is *The Saturday Review*. I doubt, however, if *The Saturday Review* ever reaches a sale of 10,000 copies. *The Spectator* averages probably 7,000.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 143, Deansgate, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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In exile doomed its days to linger out;
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Or by my patron I had not been chose.
But now that I am old and threadbare grown,
I, as you see, by him aside am thrown.
Well, be it so! one thing full well I know,
To him most certainly I nothing owe,
And if I to another must give place,
To me it really can be no disgrace,
I've served him well he cannot but admit,
And so with honour can his service quit,
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